

# The Musical World.

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A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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## EPIGRAM FROM THE GREEK OF MELEAGER.

CUPID, by Venus! I swear that the whole of thy gear I'll demolish—  
Burning thy Scythian darts, burning thy quiver and bow.  
Yes, I will burn them! Why foolishly laugh? Why, roguishly chuckling,  
Scoff'st thou? Soon thou shalt laugh on the wrong side of thy mouth.  
Then I will cut off the wings with which the desires thou leadest,  
Casting about thy feet fetters well fashioned of brass.  
Yet shall I gain but a conquest Cadmean,\* by binding thee closely  
Thus to my soul—'twill be like locking the lynx with the goats.  
Fly, then fly, invincible, putting on Mercury's sandals,  
Stretching thy swift wings wide—fly to some other I pray! J. O.

## STEPHEN HELLER.

IN announcing that this excellent musician has at length been persuaded to pay a visit to London, where he counts so many and such zealous admirers, we are sure that we are according a welcome piece of news to the lovers of music in this country. Our opinion of Stephen Heller, as one of the most original and conscientious writers for the pianoforte that the art can now boast, has too often been proffered, too often been illustrated by example, to need repetition or explanation here, when the simple intelligence of his having arrived among us is all we wish to convey. We trust, however, to have more than one opportunity, during the winter and spring, of testifying our high admiration of his merits, since we can hardly suppose that our amateurs and professors will allow so eminent a musician to depart without having made the best of his sojourn amongst us.

Stephen Heller arrived in London, from Paris, *via* Boulogne, on Monday week, in company with his gifted and accomplished compatriot, Ernst. He will, probably, remain during the whole of the winter and spring. Let us hope that he may have no occasion to regret having made his trip to the metropolis of "unmusical England."

## JETTY TREFFZ.

THIS popular and accomplished singer is engaged by M. Jullien, to accompany him in a provincial *tournee*, after the conclusion of his London concerts. The disappointment to her London admirers, who expected to have applauded Jetty Treffz on the English operatic stage, about Christmas time, will be great; but M. Jullien knows when he has got a trump card, and is determined to give his country friends the advantage of hearing the vivacious German in some of her pretty Teutonic *lieder*, to say nothing of her Italian airs, her French romances, and, above all, her English, Scotch, Irish, and Welsh ballads. There has seldom been a talent more varied than that of Jetty Treffz, and the fact that it is quite as refined and original as it is varied, has been pronounced by the unanimous verdict of all the metropolitan audiences, from the Philharmonic to the Wednesday Concerts, to say nothing of the Liverpool and Birmingham festivals, where the sensation she produced in the autumn is still vividly remembered.

\* A proverbial expression for a conquest that brings mischief to the conqueror.

## MISS KELLY.

THIS once popular and celebrated actress has addressed the following letter to the leading Journal, which we re-produce with mingled pleasure and regret—pleasure, because in reprinting her letter we do our best to aid Miss Kelly's desire of making her present difficulties known—regret, because we are most grieved to find that in the decline of life, instead of enjoying in comfort the gains of an honourable and laborious career, she is still at war with rest and struggling for subsistence.

To the Editor of the Times.

SIR,—As I have not, I hope, at any time impertinently thrust myself before the public, either in my professional or private character, I trust I may be excused if, unconsciously, I now appear to do so by indulging an irresistible desire to draw, through the powerful medium of your columns, the attention of my friends to the peculiar hardship of my present position, as I can in no other way so well extend the statement to those who, beyond the immediate circle of my intimate acquaintances, I flatter myself may take some interest in my welfare, and a conviction of that integrity I have had credit for through a long and arduous professional life.

Sir, I witnessed, on Tuesday morning last, the utter demolition of the fixtures, fittings, and furniture of my Theatre and Dramatic School in Dean Street; and now only by courtesy of the Sheriff's officer am permitted "a day or two" to remove, and find space for this ponderous and (for any other than its original appropriation) useless property, before I am myself for ever expelled from the building I have raised for the purest purposes, and towards which I have, for the last fifteen years, devoted my whole fortune, mind, and time.

Now, Sir, as it would deeply wound my proud heart to be pited or blamed as a rash enthusiast or idle speculator, I wish to arrest at once conjecture and misrepresentation, to which all seeming failure is liable, by stating that my whole property has been wrested from me by my ground landlord, on default of the instalment of £160 due to him in June last, upon arrear of rent for which I had signed to him an all-powerful document.

His legal right is undisputed, and I am bound to acknowledge that he has on some occasions shown a patience and forbearance, too generally, I fear, called for from landlords now-a-days. And I also account myself fortunate in the kind and gentlemanly conduct of Mr. John Allen, his solicitor, who has, I sincerely believe, done all in his power to avert this cruel and unnecessary step—a step that I am unable to account for, and which I own I could not have believed would be taken only eighteen days before the time that would have satisfied his demand. But the peculiar feature of the case, and the hardship of which I complain is this,—that when I signed this fearful document I distinctly stated, in presence of his solicitor and my own, that I could not fulfil my promise as to the first instalment (having no dependable resources) until the end of November—the present month; and that, therefore, I signed depending on the fact that I was perfectly understood, and should be treated with the same consideration as on a former occasion, when I had placed myself equally in his power. The result, however, is, that on default of the said instalment of £160, he has, only eighteen days before the time prayed for, seized a property to which, in the cost for building and the operation of the purposes for which it was designed, I have sacrificed from first to last £16,000.

Should you, Sir, feel kindly disposed, and think it well to gratify my wish in allowing space in any form for the substance of my letter, I shall consider myself infinitely obliged.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

F. M. KELLY.

Bayswater, Nov. 16.

Poor Miss Kelly! If she rely upon the world for sympathy in her misfortunes we fear she has built her hopes upon the sand. Was she not long enough a public favourite to know, that, once unable to administer to public amusement, she no longer lives in the public heart?—public mind, rather, for the public has no heart; it has but eyes and ears, to see and hear and be delighted, and hands to applaud while the youth and strength and beauty of its favourites last. These once fleetly gone, and they who wore them are forgotten. The public has but the memory of the hour. A voice, once loved, now silent, is no more remembered. The public does not mourn, but ever flies to new faces for enjoyment. The theatre is but a relaxation. The public rushes to it to forget the business of life and be lost in a mimic dream. There is no reality in it. The author lives and is remembered, because when one actor dies, another comes and plays his part; but the poor actor must content himself with his hour's applause. When once he has quitted the scene, he must no longer hope to live in the thoughts of those who erewhile were loudest to applaud him. Malibran was scarcely cold, when the same public that was proud to be at her feet were paying homage to her rival, Grisi, in her very own character of Amina. Let the actor, therefore, make his nest while following his brief career. That accomplished, if he be still alive, he becomes himself but an atom of the public mass. If he have not profited by the exercise of his profession, he must look elsewhere than to the public for support and maintenance. A biographer may write his life, and the public will read the book, to go once again over its old pleasures; but ask one penny in charity, and the public will give him the cold shoulder. We trust, however, that the intimate acquaintances to whom Miss Kelly alludes may take up her case so effectively as to render an appeal to the public altogether unnecessary. Moreover the generation of Miss Kelly's enthusiastic admirers has passed away. What was her public is not the public now. A new public has arisen which knows not Miss Kelly.

#### WINCKELMANN'S HISTORY OF ANCIENT ART.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

##### BOOK III.

ON THE ART OF THE ETRURIANS AND THEIR NEIGHBOURS.

(Continued from page 708.)

##### CHAP. IV.

ON ART AMONG THE NATIONS BORDERING ON THE ETRURIANS.

XXVIII. VASES of the kind are found in the tombs which are in the midst of the Tifati Mountains, ten miles above the ancient city Capua, near a place called Zebbia, and are approached only by a difficult unbeaten road. Mr. (\*) Hamilton, the British plenipotentiary at Naples, had these tombs opened in his presence, partly to see their style of architecture, partly to try whether vases were to be found in the tombs in such inaccessible places. The opening of one of these tombs was drawn on the spot by this distinguished amateur, and a copper-plate of his drawing may be seen in the second volume of his large collection of vases. The skeleton of the deceased lay stretched on the bare earth, with the feet turned towards the entrance of the tomb, and the head lay close against the wall, to which six short flat iron rods, spread out like the sticks of a fan, were fastened by means of a nail, round which they could turn. In the same place, by the head, stood two tall iron candelabra, much corroded, while, at some distance above, hung some vases by brazen nails; one near the candelabra, and others to the right hand of the skeleton, near the feet. At

\* Sir William.

the left side, by the head, lay two iron swords, together with a bronze *Colum Vinarium*,—that is to say, a deep bowl with a handle, perforated like a sieve, which fits exactly into another bowl not perforated, and, as is well known, served for the purpose of straining wine. For, as the liquor would be preserved longer in the large terra-cotta *dolia* than in casks with wooden staves, and was consequently thicker than our wine, which is generally drunk soon after the vintage, it seemed to require this straining. On the same side, by the feet, stood a round bowl of bronze, in which there was a *simpulum*,—that is, a small round cup, with a long handle curved at the top, used partly to take wine out of the *dolia* for the purpose of trying it, and partly to pour wine into cups at sacrifices, for the purpose of libation. By the bowl lay two eggs, and a scraper, as if for cheese.

XXIX. I cannot refrain from adding some remarks on this discovery, although they lead me somewhat from my principal end, to which I shall return by a general notice of sepulchral vases. That the dead were placed with the feet towards the entrance to the tomb, is generally known; but it must have been a custom peculiar to the inhabitants, to put the dead body into no case, but to lay it on the bare earth, when it might have been placed, without great expense, in an oblong box, of which many are found with the corpses. As for the iron rods in the shape of a fan, spread out near the skeleton's head, these seem to have represented an actual fan, and to have indicated the custom of driving away flies with a fan from the face of the deceased. The bowl or cup, and the scraper, with the eggs, may be regarded as signs of the food and drink left for the soul of the deceased; for we know that among the last invocations to the dead, was one by which they were reminded to drink to the well-being of the relations they had left behind. On a round sepulchral urn in the Villa Mattei, we may read, HAVE · ARGENTI · TV. NOBIS · BIBES. Neither the suspended vases, nor those which stood by the skeleton, can be looked upon as pots to hold ashes: partly because, as we see, it was either not the custom to burn the dead at all, or this was contrary to the wishes of the occupant of the tomb; partly because only a single body is buried here; and partly because all these vases are open, while the pots for ashes have covers.

XXX. It is, however, remarkable, that in the ancient writers there is no mention of any vessels placed in tombs, besides those for ashes; for a vessel with oil, which, according to Aristophanes, was placed by the body, does not seem to belong to the class.

XXXI. Not less known is the use made of such vases in the public games of Greece, where, even in the earliest times, a mere earthen vase was the sign of victory, as is shown by a vase on the arms of the City Tralles, and a great number of gems. This usage was retained at Athens at a later period, when the prize in the Panathenaic games consisted of such vases, filled with oil pressed from the olives dedicated to Pallas. To this the vases on the pediment of a temple at Athens had reference. They were ornamented with paintings, as Pindar points out, and as his Scholiast explains. The paintings of several of the largest vases, both in the Vatican and the Hamilton collections, seem to refer to the same custom; for here is represented in a temple, sometimes Castor, sometimes Pollux, the latter standing with a horse, the former sitting with a pointed helmet in his hand, shaped like an ordinary cap. Castor would be a symbol of the horse-races, and the other games would be represented by Pollux, as a noted wrestler.

XXXII. Besides, many, if not most of the vases, must

have served the purposes of our porcelain, and have been made to adorn the places where they were set up. (a) This may be inferred partly from the painting, which is usually better on one side than the other, so that the inferior side might be placed against the wall. Quite unquestionably is this use proved by the very form of some of these vessels, which have no bottom, and never had any, as will be found in some of the largest specimens in the Hamilton collection (b). From the number of figures holding a strigil, it might appear that many of the vases were hung up in baths.

## SELECT VARIORUM NOTES.

(a). Hancarville maintains that the large handsome painted vessels were votive offerings, which were presented sometimes filled with the first fruits of the various harvests, sometimes empty for the purpose of adorning the temples. Hence it is, that Bacchic festivals, the deeds of Hercules, the amours of Jupiter, and the like, are so often represented upon them. Along the wall of the temple a sort of shelf has been set up to hold these consecrated vases, and the possibility of seeing only one side may be the cause that the back is painted more hastily or left quite plain. Besides these votive vases, others of different size and form might have been used in sacrifices, and others have served to hold ointment in the baths.—*Amoretti*.

On the other hand, it may be reasonably objected that all these vases, not excepting the largest and handsomest, have been taken out of tombs, into which the votive offerings from the temple would have scarcely found their way. The conjecture of modern investigators, that they were given as a memorial to the young men, when they put on the virile garment, and were initiated into the mysteries of Bacchus, and that they were afterwards buried with them, seems certainly very plausible.—*Meyer*.

(b). Hancarville concludes that the large handsome vases would not have served for the decoration of private houses, from the fact that the ordinary rooms of the Romans were too narrow, for such large fragile vessels not to have occasioned inconvenience. He does not even consider it probable that such vases were set up in the more spacious halls, which the ancients certainly had, or in the atrium and the peristyle, so as to be exposed to the danger of being broken. It was the custom to place vases on the top of edifices, especially villas, but then when made of *terra-cotta*, were neither of fine workmanship nor painted. This may, however, be assumed with respect to the vases set up on the roof of a temple at Athens, not so much by way of ornament, as to symbolise the combats in wrestling.—*Amoretti*.

## THE "EUTERPE" OF HERODOTUS.

TRANSLATED, WITH NOTES.

(Continued from page 724.)

XCVI. THE Egyptian ships of burden are made of the Acanthe, the form of which is like the Cyrenæan lotus, while it exudes tears of commi (gum arabic). Cutting from this acanthe planks, about two cubits long, they arrange them brick-wise, making the ship thus:—The planks of two cubits are connected with a great number of long plugs, and when this is done, they place the cross planks upon them. There are no ribs to the vessel, but the joints within are secured by byblus. They make one rudder, which passes through the keel, and use a mast of acanthe, and sails of byblus. These vessels cannot sail up the river, unless there is a strong gale in their favour, but are towed along from the bank. Down the current they are drawn thus:—There is a hurdle made of tamarisk, fitted together with a matting of reeds, and a perforated stone, weighing at most two talents. The hurdle attached to a rope is let down in front of the vessel, to be carried along by the stream, and the stone, attached to another rope, is let down from the stern. The hurdle, by the action of the current, is carried swiftly along, and draws after it the "baris" (as these vessels are called), while the stone behind, sinking to the bottom of the water, directs the course of the vessel. There is a great quantity of these vessels, some of which carry a weight of many thousand talents.

XCVII. When the Nile has overflowed the country, the

cities alone appear above water, closely resembling the islands in the Ægean Sea. The rest of Egypt is converted into a sea. When this is the case, they navigate not according to the course of the river, but through the middle of the plain. Those who go up to Memphis from Nicopolis pass by the Pyramids. This, however, is not the ordinary route, but that by the point of the Delta, and the city of Cercasorus. Sailing to Naucratis from the sea and Canobus across the plain, you will come to the city of Anthylla, and to the one called that of Archandrus.

XCVIII. Of these, Anthylla, which is a considerable city, is given to the wife of the ruler of Egypt to provide her with shoes. This has been the case as long as Egypt has been under the Persians. The other city seems to me to take its name from the son-in-law of Danaus, Archandrus, the son of Phthius the Achæan, for it is called (*as I have said*) the city of Archandrus. There may indeed have been another Archandrus, but, at any rate, the name is not Egyptian.

(To be continued.)

## SONNET.

NO. CLX.

## EGYPTIAN.

"WIDE is the world. If in one spot you fail,  
A thousand trial of your strength invite;  
No ill (fine common place!) green hope should blight.  
Good-will and courage must at last prevail.  
Wide is the world. Then no mischance bewail.  
If here be darkness, there is surely light;  
There is a balance to set all things right.  
The world is infinite,—spread wide your sail!"  
Granted, the world is wide,—but still the road  
We wander on is narrow; it is graced  
With one or two bright spots—the rest is drear.  
When the broad land is by the Nile o'erflow'd,  
We take no heed of the dull wat'ry waste,  
But count the homes that o'er the flood appear. N. D.

## ERNST.

To the testimonies of the morning journals in honour of the genius of this great artist, let us add a few selected at random from our file of weekly periodicals.

(Morning Advertiser.)

"A more than usually crowded audience assembled to greet Herr Ernst's second appearance; and the enthusiasm excited by the remarkable performances of that singularly accomplished and surprising violinist was more intense even than on the occasion of his *débüt* last week at these entertainments. It speaks well for the progress of a wholesome and elevated taste in music in the public mind, when so large and mixed an audience as that collected yesterday evening, could listen, not only with pleasure and appreciation, but delight and rapture, to the exquisite and astonishing instrumental achievements of the celebrated artiste. His first solo was founded on various Hungarian airs, in which he displayed his great and masterly powers over the violin, and exhibited some of the unusual, but remarkably eloquent and expressive tones which he alone seems so effectively to be able to produce from it. He subsequently repeated the *Carnival of Venice*, his performance of which created such a *furor* at the preceding concert. He now went through that well-known composition with quite marvellous elaborateness and ease. The variations were curiously original; and yet, amid all their eccentricity, they were always distinguished by exquisitely sweet and expressive notes. In fact, he often seemed to be revelling, so to speak, in instrumental 'puzzles'—puzzles that would perplex and confound others, but were surmounted by him with facility, precision, and elegance. An encore was, of course, the result; and the great violinist then introduced *Fresh*, still more difficult, and still more elaborately involved variations, triumphing with only the more success and brilliancy the more arduous and unwonted the trial he had to surmount. It was a distinguished day for the London Wednesday Concerts when the managers engaged Herr Ernst; and it was a right fortunate one for the patrons and frequenters of those entertainments when they



were first enabled to hear, at so reasonable a rate, one of the musical celebrities of the time."

(Sun.)

"Herr Ernst made his second appearance at these concerts last evening, and performed his celebrated *pot pourri* of Hungarian airs, and the far famed *Carnaval de Venise*. His performance is most wonderful and most gratifying, and the audience were enthusiastic in their expressions of approbation."

(From the Era.)

"There was an unusually large muster at Exeter Hall on Wednesday last, the fourth meeting of the series. This was in a great measure owing to the introduction of the greatest known violinist of the age, Herr Ernst. The great German artist made an extraordinary sensation, and was compelled to comply with an unmistakable mandate to make three reappearances. A circumstance like this is a fine feature in the taste of the age, for though difficult and incomprehensible as much of the performance was, the audience discovered that the violin, in the hands of such a master, uttered a language as rich as it was new—a language invested with an irresistible charm. Ernst so grapples with the greatest imaginable difficulties that they cease to be; and, to our thinking, he approaches his great Italian prototype much nearer than any other artist since Paganini's time; his style, elegance, purity, and grace at once convey to the mind the idea of a great genius. Ernst is engaged for five nights, so that the public will have an opportunity of hearing him, and then can judge for themselves."

(Dispatch.)

"But, great as was the applause, and numerous as were the encores bestowed on the vocal part of the concert, the enthusiasm of the crowded audience was reserved for the violinist Ernst, whose extraordinary efficiency on his instrument has been the frequent theme for glowing panegyric of ourselves and cotemporaries. He executed a grand fantasia on the march and romance from Rossini's *Otello* and the *Carnival of Venice*. These two pieces served to bring out the best points of his style. Whilst he masters all the intricate difficulties, the mechanical trickery, and attains the high finish and extraordinary brilliancy of the Paganini school, he possesses the much loftier and appreciable power of evoking the varied expression and intense feeling which the violin, above all other instruments, is capable of producing. In the *Carnival of Venice*, a composition more suited to a mixed audience than one of *dilettanti*, he was rapturously encored. His engagement is the principal feature in this series of concerts."

(Illustrated London News.)

"The playing of Ernst on Wednesday night, at Exeter Hall, was transcendently great. Warmed by the rapturous reception of the auditory, on his return from the Continent to fulfil an engagement for six of the London Wednesday Concerts, Ernst's displays were in his happiest vein; and when his nervous temperament is not affected, he is the greatest violinist of the age. Perhaps, in the poetry and passion of his style, Ernst has never been approached. He played twice: in the first part he executed his own fantasia on themes from Rossini's *Otello*; and in the second act, he performed his popular work, the *Carnival of Venice*. Paganini, at his earliest advent, never created a greater sensation than Ernst on this occasion. The hall rang with reiterated plaudits, and exclamations of delight were irresistible in the middle of some exquisite trait of execution. Marvellous as were his fantastic and fanciful bravura passages in the *Carnival*, the sentiment of his style was equally as penetrating as his adagios. The lament of Desdemona, particularly, and the lovely slow movement preceding the *Carnival*, were most deliciously interpreted; it was often as if the human voice in sweetest accents was singing, so graceful and perfect is Ernst's cantabile. His *tours de force* quite electrified the players in the band as well as the amateurs. In the *Carnival* it was a series of mechanical prodigies—octaves, double and triple stops, staccato passages, arpeggi, leaps, compassing of tenths, and every imaginable and unimaginable intricacy being conquered with delightful crispness and justness of intonation. The ovations following his finished performances were deafening."

(Athenaeum.)

"We perceive that Herr Ernst was received at the Wednesday Concert with the utmost enthusiasm; our public at length seeming to be in the way of rightly appreciating this artist's rare and pre-eminent genius."

(Britannia.)

"Ernst, the violinist, has commenced an engagement for six concerts. His reception at Exeter Hall at the fourth entertainment was rapturous in the extreme, and rarely has he been heard in finer play. He performed two of his own compositions, the fantasia on themes from Rossini's *Otello*, and his 'Carnival of Venice.' Ernst is the greatest

violinist of his age, for he possesses a mechanism that is inimitable; and there is no living artist who can rival him in the poetry and sentiment of his style. His adagio playing is perfection. His tone is so rich and pure, his sensibility so acute and penetrating, his pathos so irresistible, that the hearer frequently forgets that it is an instrument which is being played, and it is imagined that some exquisitely pure-toned human voice is singing. The plaint of Desdemona over the lyre is a remarkable instance of Ernst's passionate colouring and delicate tenderness. He may astonish and delight his auditory by his prodigious feats of dexterity in the 'Carnival,' but it is in the playing of his 'Elegie' and other adagios that he entrances his listeners. He raised the enthusiasm of the audience to the highest pitch last Wednesday, and his engagement will, no doubt, be a fortunate hit for the directors. To hear such a player at such prices as those at the London Wednesday Concerts is, indeed, a boon for the musical public."

(Sunday Times.)

"The public are much indebted to Mr. Stammers for affording them the opportunity of listening to this celebrated violinist at these concerts. Herr Ernst made his first appearance at the fourth of the series, which took place on Wednesday evening, and never, within our recollection, was this great *artiste* in finer play. His appearance in the orchestra was the signal for a display of the most intense enthusiasm, which for a while unnerved him, and tended somewhat to affect the early part of his playing; but as his confidence returned, the brilliancy of his tone, and the wondrous facility of his execution, wrought the audience into a state of delight, which amounted to perfect *furor* on the introduction of his own version of the *Carnival of Venice*. His extraordinary execution of double stops—his *pizzicato* accompaniments whilst bowing the most elaborate variations, with other wondrous effects, hitherto looked upon as impossibilities, yet accomplished by Herr Ernst without the slightest effort, afforded the utmost astonishment, and at the conclusion the audience rose *en masse*, and signified their appreciation of the treat offered them by the most enthusiastic re-demand ever heard within the walls of Exeter Hall. Herr Ernst appeared to bow his acknowledgments, but this was not sufficient for his enraptured hearers, who insisted on its repetition, with which he complied, introducing an entire new set of variations, more brilliant and effective than the first. Herr Ernst has been engaged for six concerts by Mr. Stammers, to whom the public owe much for affording them the opportunity of enjoying so great a musical treat at so moderate a charge. Miss Dolby made her first appearance this season, and acquitted herself in her usual musicianly style. The remaining portion of the concert consisted of a selection from *Les Huguenots*, and a miscellaneous collection of songs, interpreted by Mrs. Alexander Newton, Miss Huddart, Miss Rebecca Isaacs, Miss Eyles, the Misses Cole—*débütantes*, who were encored in Küken's duet 'The Swallows'—Signor Bartolini, Mr. George Tedder, and Herr Formes. A septet by Neukomm was excellently played by Messrs. Baumann, T. Harper, Jarrett, Maycock, Nicholson, Ribas, and Pratten; as was Macfarren's sparkling overture *Cherry Chase*, and Mendelssohn's 'Scherzo' and 'Wedding March,' from *Midsummer Night's Dream*, by the full band, under the direction of Herr Anschütz. The hall was capitally attended."

Never was there a more unanimous appreciation of the talent of a great artist.

### THE "BOHEMIAN GIRL" OF BALFE

(Translated from a Frankfort paper.)

THIS favourite opera of the British stage, already nationalized in Vienna and Hamburg, and at present preparing for performance in Berlin, was given for the first time at Frankfort on the 22nd of October, and was conducted by the composer, who was most favourably received. The honoured stranger was cheered on entering the orchestra, and at the conclusion of the opera called on, with all the solo singers.

In regard to the book, it reminds us alternately of *Preciosa*, *La Fille du Regiment*, and of *Les Diamans de la Couronne*. The story is full of improbabilities, and often wanting in purpose, defects common to the majority of a vast number of operas with which our public is already familiar. The incidents follow each other, however, with lively rapidity—passion, feeling, joy, and pain constantly alternating; the interest of

• The *Didaskalien*.

the whole being quite enough to make an opera acceptable, if the composer has the art of fascinating the ear by his melodies.

Balfe's music unquestionably leans towards the Italian school, and resembles Bellini in style.† His instrumentation is brilliant and characteristic without overpowering the singer. Balfe belongs to the original natures (*Künstlernaturen*) marching in his own path, and producing nothing which does not of itself issue from a healthy individuality.‡ We may accuse him of doing homage to the popular taste, but this will be, doubtless, easily forgiven him, since he carries his hearers, without any attempt at learning or *bizarrierie*, to the enchanted land of romance. Balfe's earlier operas, with the exception of the *Haimonskindern* (*Quatre Fils Aymon*), are unknown to us, but from his *Bohemian Girl* alone we have enough to form a judgment that his works, with but moderately favourable stage conditions, must win the acknowledgment of public approval. Thus much of the spirit and character of the work as may be made understandable in a few lines. The most attractive pieces in the opera, to which we must particularly call attention, are the two choruses of gipsies (the subject of the former being traceable throughout the opera and overture); the Gipsies' March, for brass instruments; the last chorus of the first act; the air of the queen (composed expressly for Madame Behrend Brandt); the Romance of the Gitana, her couplets with chorus, and her song; the duet between Theodore and Gitana; the whole of the effective second *finale*; the cavatina of Arnheim; the last trio; and, before all the rest, the two gems of the opera, the little quartet, and Theodore's cavatina, a true "*Volkslied*." The opera concludes with some couplets, richly ornamented, and accompanied by a chorus, which piece is also one of the best of the opera. The short dialogue, if set to music, would be more appropriate, as the speaking disturbs the progress of the music, while there is no necessity for it.

The personal conducting of our honoured guest, as well as his whole appearance, reminded us much of our departed Guhr,|| which tended no doubt to produce an additional interest in his work. Some abbreviation in the first act of the opera, which is only an introduction to the rest, would be of great advantage to the general effect.

#### SIGNOR PAGLIERI.

Our readers will remember the account of the "row" at the Dublin Theatre *apropos* of Mr. Sims Reeves and the above-named gentleman, which we copied from *The Times* in a recent number. Having re-produced the article in which Signor Paglieri was somewhat roughly handled, we can do nothing less, in plain justice, than re-produce the letter which that gentleman subsequently addressed to *The Times* in extenuation of the incompetency laid to his charge with scarcely more severity than injustice.

#### "TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

"SIR,—As the exponent of the general feeling of the English public you are necessarily a lover of fair play.

"On rising from a sick bed, after a severe attack of influenza, I have learned that a sweeping condemnation of my professional character, which appeared in a Dublin paper on Wednesday last, was transferred into the columns of your Journal, and so has gone through the world.

"If this piece of defamation had not received the sanction of your *imprimatur*, it might have done me little harm. Now, unless you allow me publicly to state under what circumstances the attack was made, its effects may be ruinous to my reputation, and you know that the reputation of an artiste is his bread.

† This never struck us.—Ed.

‡ How then is he of the Italian school, and like Bellini?—Ed.

|| A celebrated violinist and musician, for some years conductor at the Frankfort opera—lately deceased.—Ed.

"I accepted an engagement to sing as first tenor in the *Sonnambula*, one of a series of operas in which Miss Catherine Hayes was to appear at Dublin. I was suffering from cold and hoarseness when I left London, but I expected to have three or four days' rest before being called on to sing. On the following day, however, it was intimated to me that circumstances might occur which would place my fellow artistes in a most unpleasant position unless I consented to sing in the *Lucia*. I promised to give my assistance if it should be called for, and if the state of my health would permit. Next day I was asked to fulfil my promise. I went through the rehearsal with the company and the orchestra; my pleas of indisposition were overruled by the kind encouragement given to me by Miss Hayes, Mr. Benedict, and the rest of the company; and I had sung so often in the same opera in the principal theatres of Italy, and also in France, with unvaried success, that I, perhaps too readily, agreed to appear in the evening. Notwithstanding increasing illness, I believe that the indulgence of the audience (which had been asked for in the usual manner) would have enabled me to go through the part without discredit, if the presence of a justly popular tenor had not raised their hope of hearing him if they silenced me. But be this as it may, I call upon the public, through you, Sir, to suspend their opinion as to my qualifications for the stage, in spite of the anathemas of the Dublin critic.

"He may not have known that I undertook the part voluntarily and gratuitously; but he knew that I was ill, and he should not have concealed that fact.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"ONORATO PAGLIERI.

"Park Lane, Piccadilly, Nov. 12."

Having made the *amende honorable* we have nothing left to do but apologize to Sig. Paglieri for having delayed it so long.

#### DEATH OF CHARLES E. HORN.

THE name of Charles E. Horn is intimately connected with the modern ballad music of England. In an age fertile in song writers, he stood conspicuous among the most popular. He was, in this respect, the worthy compeer of Henry Bishop, Braham, Augustus Wade, Alexander Lee, and Haynes Bayley. Perhaps no modern ballad has obtained an equal share of popularity with "*Cherry ripe*." It was almost as famous and as universal in its day as Rossini's "*Di tanti palpiti*." The words, peculiarly quaint and original, are taken from the "*Hesperides*" of Robert Herrick, a very hive of antiquated sweets. At that period, it would seem, poetry was of some service to a ballad. It has been said that ten or fifteen pounds was the price that Charles Horn received for "*Cherry ripe*," and that as many thousands were made by the publishers.

Besides "*Cherry ripe*," Mr. Horn was the author of other highly successful ballads. Who can forget "*The deep, deep sea*," which, independent of its real merit, was made famous by Malibran's singing? "*Thro' the woods*" was another ballad of Horn's which took the popular taste immensely in its day, as did also "*I've been roaming*." The duet, "*I know a bank*," the words taken from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, is familiar to every body, and has been universally and most deservedly admired. Mr. Horn wrote many other vocal pieces which obtained celebrity.

Mr. Horn composed several operas, or more properly, ballad operas; none of which, however, met with any extraordinary success. He also composed an oratorio, which was rather rehearsed than performed, at the Hanover Rooms, a short time before he last left England for America. Of this work, which was heard under such extreme disadvantages, it would be unfair to offer an opinion.

Charles Horn's mode of thinking in music was English, but not so decidedly English as that of Henry Bishop. He was a good musician, and enjoyed a high reputation at one time in this country. He was for many years a singer on the stage, and such was the versatility of his talent, that he alternately filled Braham's tenor parts, and Henry Phillips' baritone. His voice was of indifferent quality, but he was an excellent

artist, and could bring an indifferent voice to good account. He had great musical feeling, and was a capital actor in some characters. His Caspar in *Der Freischütz* was really an admirable piece of histrionism. It was reckoned the best on the stage in his time, and has not been surpassed since, although many celebrated singers have appeared in it.

The following brief account of his life and works is abstracted from the New York *Message Bird*.

"It is with the most heartfelt regret that we discharge the melancholy duty of chronicling the departure of this distinguished musician, who died in Boston, on Sunday the 21st ult., at the age of 63. He has been a resident in this country about twenty years; where he has been known principally as a singer and teacher of excellence, and also a graceful composer of a lighter class of music; but of the depth and versatility of his genius we believe few at the present day out of the circle of his immediate friends are aware. It has been said of him, that he was 'indolent when not appreciated, and, when not excited, indifferent to himself and heedless of what he has neglected;' it is to these feelings, which have obscured the light of many a brilliant genius, that we must, perhaps, attribute the paucity of his great productions in this country, as well as that inadequate position which we feel that he has maintained in general public estimation, particularly of later years. His reputation as a melodist, perhaps, has been as extensively established in this country as in England; and there are few musical portfolios here that have not possessed his 'Cherry ripe,' 'I've been roaming,' the 'Deep, deep sea,' with other popular productions of his pen. But the evidences of his capacity in the higher grades of musical composition, and of his ability in the school of solid counterpoint, have not so abounded here, as, amid more fertilizing influences, his industry alone might have caused them to do. He nevertheless has the honour of having laid the corner-stone of whatever is noble in musical structure, that may have been since, or which may hereafter be erected in this country. His oratorio, the *Remission of Sin*, which, it is said, contains fugues, canons, and beautiful contrivances in the accompaniment that are 'worthy of the first masters'—is the first oratorio ever composed in America. And we trust that after the New York Harmonic Society becomes fully organized, this composition will be wrested from the oblivion in which, through local circumstances, it has been suffered to remain, and will be revived in a manner that shall do justice to its merits.

"Mr. Horn was the son of an eminent German teacher of the piano and thorough bass, in London. He was born in 1786, in the parish of St. Martin's, in that city. He received his musical education principally from his father, though he profited by a few singing lessons from the celebrated Rauzzini. After which he resolved upon the profession of a theatrical vocalist, and made his *debut* in that capacity in the opera of *Up all Night*; which was performed on the occasion of the opening of the English Opera House, London. Soon after this he composed a short opera called the *Bee Hive*, which met with a flattering reception. At the close of that season, he quitted the stage, and did not return to it until 1814. In the meantime he had greatly improved his voice by long practice under good teachers. In 1814 he appeared again at the English Opera House as Seraskier in the *Siege of Belgrade*, and was eminently successful. From that time to the period of his departure for this country, he was ranked among the principal singers of the metropolis.

"Besides numerous minor pieces, Mr. Horn has composed the music of the following operas:—*Persian Hunters*, the *Magic Bride*, *Tricks upon Travellers*, *Boarding House*, *Godolphin*, the *Lion of the North*, *Rich and Poor*, the *Statue*, *Charles the Bold*, the *Woodman's Hut*, *Dirce*, *Annette*, *Elections*, *Nourjahad*, *M. P.*, *Lalla Rookh*, the *Wizard*, and *Philandering*, &c. And (in conjunction with Mr. Braham) the *Devil's Bridge*. To this list may be added a dramatic composition produced in this country, called the *Christmas Bells*.

"Mr. Horn made his first appearance in this country, we think, at the Park Theatre, where he performed in conjunction with Mrs. Austin. He here introduced several English operas, whose success at the time was mainly attributable to his excellent acting, and his judicious adaptation of the pieces to the circumstances of the occasion. A protracted and severe illness, which deprived him for a

while of the use of his voice, was the occasion of his finally abandoning the stage and assuming the more private position of teacher and occasional singer. He also established himself as an importer and publisher of music, in this city, in connection with Mr. Davis. This establishment was finally dissolved, and after his last return from England he took up his residence in Boston, where he remained to the time of his final departure. In the death of Charles Edward Horn, the musical interests in this country have experienced a loss, which, considering the versatility of his genius, we may safely affirm, can never be fully repaired. Let his personal foibles be forgotten. May his soul rest in peace!"

As one who, in the lighter atmospheres of music, enchanted multitudes with sweet song, the memory of Charles E. Horn must be revered by Englishmen, and should not be willingly passed over to oblivion. The very lightness of his pinions made him more buoyant, and more easy of transference from place to place, and hence the universality of his praise. He was not born to astound, but to please, and consequently his fame reached its meridian with the birth of his first song. He enjoyed while living all his reputation; and if he did not live, like Cherubini, to see himself a Classic, he obtained during his life-time all the renown which truth could award to shining, but evanescent, ability. So severely must criticism adjudicate on all talent save what is solid and enduring.

#### LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

THE reputation already acquired by the directors of these entertainments was fully sustained on Wednesday evening; and the brilliant name of Ernst appeared to act as a magnet upon the music-loving inhabitants of this metropolis, who crowded into all parts of the Hall, cramming the area to the walls long before the commencement of the concert.

The first part of the programme included a selection from *Don Giovanni*, commencing with the overture, which was admirably rendered by the band, under the able conduct of Herr Anschütz. This was followed by "La ci darem," well sung by Mrs. A. Newton and Herr Formes, after which Signor Bartolini (from Her Majesty's Theatre) gave the air, "Il mio tesoro," with much delicacy and sweetness. Mrs. Newton was much applauded in "Batti, batti," and encored in "Vedrai carino" most deservedly. Herr Formes obtained a similar honour in the serenade, "Deh vieni," and equally well merited it. The selection concluded with the terzetto, "Proteggilo il giusto cielo," by Mrs. Newton, Miss R. Isaacs, and Signor Bartolini.

The next in order was Ernst's solo on *Hungarian airs*, which he performed with the ease, purity of tone, astonishing dexterity, and wonderfully modulated expression, which have elevated him to the lofty position he maintains. During the latter portion of the piece, the audience applauded so loudly and frequently, that the performance was almost interrupted, but their excitement and astonishment could not be restrained, and at the conclusion the universal burst of vociferous applause constrained the great artiste to re-enter and bow to the audience.

Miss Huddart sang the lute song "Ah, non voler," from *Anna Bolena*, very well; and Herr Formes was called upon to repeat "Non piu andrai," in answer to which, however, he merely responded by bowing. The Misses Cole, the young ladies who made so successful a *débüt* last week, sang Mendelssohn's lovely duet, "I would that my love," with charming simplicity and perfect *ensemble*, receiving the warmest applause. Signor Bartolini gave the serenade, "Come è gentil," with such unaffected taste as to obtain an encore. The lively overture to *Zampa*, played with great precision, albeit with unusual celerity, concluded the first part.



The second part opened with a new overture, performed for the first time, and composed by Mr. W. L. Phillips, who conducted the orchestra on this occasion. The writing is remarkably good, that of a thorough musician; the orchestration masterly and brilliant; the subjects startling and well balanced; the plan simple, and developed with great clearness and ingenuity. The overture was exceedingly well played, and applauded with the utmost liberality. We fancied it was rather shorter than the generality of overtures, which fact, however, in this instance, was not one for congratulation, as is too frequently the case. Mr. Phillips's work has so much merit, that it would have been listened to with attention had it been considerably longer.

The pretty Miss Eyles received an encore in a ballad, by Linley, which she sang very quietly. Miss Rebecca Isaacs was similarly complimented, in a Scotch ballad. Mr. G. Tedder, the new tenor, treated the audience to Bishop's "Native Hills," and a ballad by T. Baker. Herr Formes sang the "Standard Bearer," of which his version certainly displays more sentimental feeling than Pischek's; he received great applause. He likewise sang "The Wolf," and being encored, without a dissentient voice, substituted a German song of his own, which he sang with genuine feeling.

The instrumental portion of this part of the concert was confided to Mr. Thomas Harper, who played some variations upon an old air, on the cornet-à-piston, displaying a rich tone and brilliant execution. We should, however, have preferred listening to that skilful player in any other style of composition than an *air varié*, for which the cornet-à-piston is not well adapted.

Ernst repeated his extraordinary *Carnaval de Venise*, the beautiful introduction to which he played, if possible, with more taste than ever; of course, the difficulties in the variations were surmounted with the utmost facility, and the encore, accompanied by the acclamations of the audience, was tremendous. He did not play the same variations on his recall, but, according to his usual custom, introduced a new set, in which every possible and impossible difficulty was treated like nothing at all; the audience once more tumultuously testifying their delight.

Altogether, the concert went off extremely well, and was concluded in due time, not being prolonged to the wearisome extent of the monster concerts with which we are sometimes overwhelmed.

#### BENEDICT AT LIMERICK.

ONE of the Limerick papers offers the following glowing and appropriate eulogium of this accomplished musician's talent as a pianist:—

"Mr. Benedict delighted us with the performance of his Fantasia on Scotch airs. The arrangement is clever and musician-like, and forms altogether a very brilliant Fantasia. The introduction was appropriate and led with much effect to the first air, "Charlie is my Darling," from which he methodically resolved into that ever living melody, "O, Nannie, wilt thou gang with me." The reel tune ending this fantasia was capitally introduced, and constituted the *scherzo* of the piece. His style is superb, combining great manual skill, with the higher qualities of expression, grace, and inventive brilliancy. The tone he produces from the piano has an oily richness, without monotony, and the notes seem to fall from his fingers, like large drops of rain from a dark and heavy cloud; in passages of the utmost rapidity this spheric fulness is invariably preserved. He is an able and vigorous composer, exhibiting the fancy and musical knowledge which have won for him an enviable position amongst musicians."

It gives us the utmost gratification to reprint this well-deserved homage of a provincial contemporary to a talent as refined as it is unpretending.

#### DRURY LANE.

##### JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

ON Tuesday the annual Beethoven night took place, and the whole of the first part of the programme was devoted to compositions to which the mighty name of the "poet of sounds" (*Tondichter*) was affixed. All these pieces, it is true, as we shall shew further on, were not Beethoven's, but enough of them were the real thing to constitute an entertainment of a truly intellectual kind.

The symphony in C minor was given entire, and was played with admirable spirit, M. Jullien indicating the times with his usual accuracy. The overture to *Fidelio* was brilliantly executed; and with such delicacy and good colouring was the *allegretto* from the symphony in F (No. 8) performed, that it was unanimously encored. The *andante* and storm movement of the pastoral symphony completed the list of pieces which were unadulterated Beethoven. We should have been more satisfied with the last, had the final movement been played; the storm-movement does not end according to Beethoven, and the chord added at the close produces a very abrupt effect. In other respects, we have nothing but praise for this selection, which was as well performed as it was interesting.

The adulterated Beethoven pieces were four in number. There was, first, the first movement of the violin sonata in F, arranged for the orchestra by M. Nadaud. The arrangement is extremely clever, and the execution was unexceptionable; but we must denounce the system of transforming sonatas into symphonies, as radically bad. Habeneck set the example at the *Conservatoire* in Paris with the *septet* of Beethoven; but Habeneck has set many bad examples; among others may be cited the total exclusion of Spohr, and the almost total exclusion of Mendelssohn, from the concerts of the *Conservatoire*. Next there was "Adelaida," played upon the cornet-à-pistons by Kœnig, and played to perfection; but we must confess we do not like these passionate songs upon a cockney instrument like the cornet. Third, there was "Le Desir," a waltz with variations, executed by the orchestra. The theme of this waltz, which has been familiarized as "Beethoven's Last Waltz," is not by Beethoven, but by Schubert; nor are the variations by Beethoven, but by Jullien. We like both very much in their way, but why father them upon the "Poet of Sounds?" The performance of this concoction was admirable, and the two last variations, for stringed instruments, were encored.

Lastly, there was De Beriot's parody of the slow movement in the Kreutzer sonata, for piano and violin, arranged for violin solus, under the title of the *Tremolo*. We have heard Vieuxtemps and Sivori, and other great violinists play this parody, but we have never heard it executed more brilliantly, more effectively, or more correctly, than by M. Sainton, who, as one of the first of classical violinists, and an especial master of Beethoven's chamber-music, should have played something legitimate on the "Beethoven night," instead of this parody, which, ingenious enough in its way, is, after all, but a *jeu d'esprit*. There is the one concerto, for example, which would have suited M. Sainton to a T. The accomplished violinist, however, was encored, a compliment exclusively due to his masterly playing, in which De Beriot had no share.

The remainder of the concert included the selection from the *Propète*, a waltz, a polka, and a quadrille, from M. Jullien's own popular repertoire, and a brilliant flute solo, brilliantly executed, by Mr. Pratten, one of the very best of our flautists. These gave entire satisfaction.

Jetty Treffz was, as usual, irresistible. Her "Trab, trab,

trab," of which no audience ever gets tired, was encored with enthusiasm. But far more to be admired was her "Vedra carino," an exquisite bit of pure Mozartean singing, worthy of all admiration.

The theatre was crammed to suffocation. It was the fullest attendance of the season. These Beethoven nights attract a special audience to all. Jullien's concerts, quite independent of his ordinary patrons—an audience that comes to hear fine music executed by a fine orchestra, at a reasonable price—are occasions of much too rare occurrence in this vast metropolis.

A "Mendelssohn night" is announced for Tuesday next.

#### PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

##### MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE concert season for the winter may now be said to have fairly commenced here. Last week Mr. C. A. Seymour held his first quartet concert, and Mr. Charles Hallé his first classical chamber concert for the season,—both of them have changed their *locale*, most probably because of the recent decision against the Council of the Royal Institution, who have been appealing against the rating of their building for local taxes (one argument against them being, that a room in the Institution had been let for classical and quartet concerts). Whatever the cause, however, Mr. Seymour opened his winter campaign in the Chorlton-upon-Medlock Town Hall, a room well enough adapted to the purpose, and well situated amongst Mr. Seymour's connection and friends, who principally reside (as he does himself) in the district of which it is the centre, but, unfortunately for your correspondent, much further from the suburb of his abode. Mr. Hallé has located himself within a few hundred yards of his former room, and in the same street (namely, at the Assembly Room, in Mosley Street),—a central, desirable, and most aristocratic *locale*. We believe both concerts passed off well; but we were not so fortunate as to be present at either.

Last evening, the first of the two grand concerts got up under the auspices of the spirited projector of the Monday Evening Concerts, H. B. Peacock, Esq., took place at the Free Trade Hall, and, sorry we are to say it, the result was most unsatisfactory. He may console himself, that if he could not command success, he has done *more*, for certainly he deserved it. The Oratorio of the *Messiah* was got up for the occasion in a most spirited and painstaking manner. Nothing that care, foresight, or liberality could do, was wanting to ensure a complete rendering of the greatest work of its class. The principal singers were from London, and if not all of the highest rank, all were good, and some first-rate. Mr. Benedict was there to conduct, Mr. Seymour to lead, Mr. D. W. Banks at the organ, and the most efficient band and chorus (some 150 to 200 in number) that Manchester could furnish. The *Messiah*, too, besides being the greatest oratorio of its immortal composer, hitherto such a favourite in Lancashire,—yet was one-half the vast hall miserably empty! The prices could not be in the way, either. The reserved seats (which were respectably filled,) being but five shillings each, the rest of the hall only half-a-crown! How is this to be accounted for? and how is it the Hargreaves Choral Society still remains in abeyance? Where is the support that might reasonably be looked for from the numerous and intelligent middle classes in this vast hive of industry? We can only state and regret the fact; we cannot account for it. The audience, if not numerous, certainly was select: we noticed, amongst others, as being present, J. F. Foster, Esq., Salis

Schwabe, Esq., with many other of our resident magnates and their families, all, of course, (like the two named), genuine lovers of music. The overture was just concluding as we entered the hall in time to hear "Comfort ye," which no little delighted and surprised us, delivered as it was by Mr. Benson in such a style as we have not heard it since the elder Braham gave such force to it at our Festival in 1828. This may seem extravagant and overrated, but it is not the less true. Mr. Benson's elocution and dramatic delivery were of the highest order in this the opening recitative, and many succeeding ones allotted to the tenor voice throughout the oratorio. He did not quite realise the promise at commencement in his songs "Every valley," and "Thou shalt break them;" but how few tenor singers can give effect to these difficult airs—especially the latter? Miss Poole delivered all the contralto airs, as well as some of the soprano ones, with good taste and expression; and it was no slight credit to her that she so well acquitted herself, much of the music she had to sing being sadly too low for her. We missed the depth and power of Maria B. Hawes in "O thou that tellest," "He was despised," "But thou didst not leave," &c., &c. Miss Catherine Hayes was the star of the party, albeit, from indisposition or some cause or other, she did not "shine before me like a star" on Tuesday evening. She was evidently not in good trim, for we noticed her voice broke twice; we fancied too, we may be wrong, that the music of the *Messiah* was not familiar to her; she seemed to lack that assumed ease of conscious power which always tells so with an audience, and predisposes them to be pleased. It must not be thought for a moment that her first public appearance here was a failure at all—very far from approaching it—we merely felt that it was not so successful as it *might* have been. The ladylike and graceful appearance of the fair young artist of the sister isle is much in her favour; she appeared pale and not in good health that evening, but in spite of all drawback, the beautiful sympathetic quality of her voice, the artist-like style of her delivery, and the fervour and devotion she infused into her singing, most particularly in the latter part of the inspired song, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," produced a most powerful impression, indeed, consideration for the singer alone prevented the last being encored. She was encored in the part she sang of "He shall feed his flock," beginning "Come unto him" (we do not know why the song was divided), and she rose to repeat her share of it, when, from some misunderstanding, the band turned back to a wrong part, and after twice attempting to begin, poor Miss Hayes sat down in despair, and the chorus, "His yoke is easy," proceeded; thus, through a slight *contretemps*, no fault of hers, was her only encore marred. There is a natural elegance in her manner, and a sort of nervousness in her tones, that make you feel an artist is before you; it was more like Ernst and his violin-playing than any other impression we can compare it to, that was made upon us by Miss Hayes; if not unerringly faultless, there was that about her singing that shewed she could do far greater things; we hope soon to hear Miss Hayes again, and to greater advantage. Mr. H. Phillips gave all his solos as only H. Phillips can give them. We only wished it were possible he could once more be as he was twenty years ago. We have many good bass and baritone singers, but not one that can give the effect to Handel's song and recitative that Phillips does; his "Why do the nations," and "The trumpet shall sound," were excellent. In the latter he was ably assisted by Mr. Ellwood, who (save a very slight slip, which caused Mr. Phillips to turn round rather anxiously) gave the trumpet obligato with great effect. His trumpet, too, was heard with excellent taste, sustaining,



but not overpowering, the soprano voices in the "Hallelujah Chorus." The choruses throughout were a very great treat to us. What sublimity! What breadth! What grandeur! Handel not only rises with his subject, but lifts his hearers at the same time! Both band and chorus, under Mr. Benedict's admirable baton, went like clock-work, and deserve all praise. The pauses, of which there are several somewhat abrupt ones, were as sharp and sudden as if cut with a knife. The forte effect at the word "wonderful" in the "For unto us" (which was encored, by the way,) deserves especial notice. Mr. Molineux's tones in the obligati passages for the bassoon were very fine. Mr. Banks should be honourably mentioned, also, for the efficient service he rendered on the organ, especially in the recitatives. The more we think of this excellent performance in thus writing down our impressions of it, the more we feel how shamefully it has been received by the Manchester public. If such works, so performed, become neglected, the Manchester public may long in vain for the opportunity to hear such in time to come, just as they may in vain long to hear a complete German or Italian Opera, or to see a resuscitation of the Hargreaves Choral Society. Such apathy meets its reward; only the worst of it is the few who do love music, the opera, and the oratorio, and who do and have supported them, have to suffer for the indifference of others!

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA AT LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

ON Monday evening, the Philharmonic Society gave a *soirée musicale*, in their new hall, Hope Street. The largest audience ever seen in this building was attracted on the occasion, every box being occupied, and scarcely a vacant seat being left in the other parts of the house. The performers were M. De Kontski, the Prussian violinist; Madame Dulcken; M. Hausmann, the violoncellist; Herr Schonoff, the baritone; and Madlle. Schloss (who bears the following lengthy titles:—"First Soprano of the Grand Festivals in Germany, and the celebrated Concerts of the Conservatoire and Philharmonic Societies at Leipzig, Dresden, Hamburg, and Berlin.") The concert was of rather a novel description in Liverpool, being what you call chamber concerts in London, the music principally instrumental, and of a classical character. The Hall was exceedingly well filled; the prices being 3s. to the stalls, and 2s. to the gallery—cheap enough, you'll say, in all conscience. What effect it will have upon subsequent private concerts, remains to be seen; but cheapness is the order of the day, and no amusements will pay now, unless they are (like the *Musical World*) both good and cheap. M. De Kontski was the lion of the evening. His performances were totally unlike anything of the sort I ever heard before. He overcomes all his self-created difficulties with the utmost ease. His first *coup d'essai* was a fantasia on themes from *Lucia*, which gave great satisfaction; but the wonder of the concert was his performance of Meyerbeer's air, "Grace," from *Robert*, which he played on one string. This performance created the utmost enthusiasm; and, notwithstanding his modesty, M. De Kontski was forced to repeat it. He also displayed some indescribable oddities in a *capriccio*, entitled "Le Pizzi Arco," which was loudly applauded, and joined in a trio of Reissiger's, a duet from *Guillaume Tell*, with Made. Dulcken, and an adagio of Mendelssohn's. Made. Dulcken's performances, as usual, were remarkable for brilliancy and ease. She played Osborne's *Pluie des Perles*, and Schuloff's *Carnaval de Venise*, with the greatest effect, and was rapturously applauded in both. Mr. Hausmann played several times on the violoncello. His most successful efforts were his variations on Irish melodies, and

his *obligato* accompaniment to a song. Herr Schonoff, the bass singer, is wanting in energy, but he gave a plaintive melody of Franz Abt's with considerable feeling. Madlle. Schloss, a soprano, with a clear, even voice, and considerable execution, sang a MS. of Henry Farmer's with great expression. I rather doubt if concerts of so exclusively classical a description\* will become popular amongst a mixed audience. Many left before it was over; but this was perhaps owing to the fact that the room was intensely cold, added to which the refreshment room was unexpectedly closed. This ought to be amended; as the knowledge that you are catching the toothache, or perhaps something worse, is not conducive to the right appreciation of the beauties of the "divine art."

The next concert will be a grand choral performance illustrative of ecclesiastical music, on which occasion several anthems new to Liverpool will be performed, and the lay vicar from Chester Cathedral will be introduced to sing the verse parts. The programme will embrace anthems, psalms, choruses, &c., of the best composers.

John Parry has been creating quite a laughing sensation here, having given three concerts in four days to large audiences,—a great fact, when one person is the sole attraction. I regret much that I could not go to hear him.

The musical mems. of the town are:—Signora Montenegro and party commence another engagement at the Theatre Royal next week, and from the favour with which their former performances were received, I have no doubt but that they will meet with the success they deserve. Young Hernandez (the vaulting equestrian) is astonishing the natives at the Amphitheatre; and Mr. Macmillan (the ventriloquist) at the Concert Hall; where a Mr. Richardson and his steel (?) band give a concert some day next week. Miss Anne Romer, our local and favourite *prima donna*, and Mr. E. L. Hime, the tenor, commence playing in operas at the Lever in a few days. From the high position Miss Anne Romer holds in the town, the speculation, if properly managed, with a good band, chorus, and a tolerable baritone, will no doubt succeed. You shall hear more, however, next week, from yours, &c., J. H. N.

Liverpool, Nov. 22, 1849.

#### MUSIC AT PLYMOUTH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

AMATEUR theatricals are the rage here at the present moment. Nothing is heard of on all sides but dresses, properties, and stage appointments. Ladies are to be seen walking about with their manuscript parts in their hands; and gentlemen to be heard discussing their costumes and "making up," in the most approved professional vocabulary. Having, myself, on one or two occasions "smelt the lamps," I was anxious on Friday evening, to see how the *troupe* of volunteers, who had created some talk in the county, would acquit themselves in Bulwer's difficult play of the *Lady of Lyons*; so I took my seat with a determination to accord my serious and undivided attention. The theatre was beautifully decorated with flags, &c., and the sides of the stage were adorned with choice exotics. But this was not all; the boxes presented a brilliant assemblage of rank and beauty; and after some excellent music from the band of the 28th regiment, who presided in the orchestra on the occasion, the curtain rose—all were on the tip-toe of expectation; and no wonder: there is no more unsatisfactory position than that which obliges you to see the

\* We are at a loss to understand what our correspondent means by *classical*. Among the pieces he has enumerated there is *not one* that has any claim to the epithet, except the *andante* of Mendelssohn, whatever that may be.

abilities of your friends canvassed by a large audience, and this of indifferent strangers, and this (although, luckily, there was little reason for it on the present occasion,) was clearly perceptible in the faces of many of the fair ladies who were present. The following was the *affiche* of the day.

THEATRE ROYAL, PLYMOUTH.  
GRAND AMATEUR PERFORMANCE,

BY  
OFFICERS OF THE ARMY AND NAVY.

On FRIDAY, Nov. 16th, 1849, will be presented Sir E. L. Bulwer's popular Play of The

LADY OF LYONS.

Monsieur Beauseant (a rich gentleman of Lyons) . . .	Capt. Austen, R.N.
Glavis (his friend) . . . . .	J. D. Macnamara, Esq.
Monsieur Deschappelles (a rich merchant) . . . .	Capt. Austen, 81st Reg.
Col. Damas (an officer in the French Army) . . .	J. Marston, Esq.
Claude Melnotte (a gardener's son) . . . . .	Capt. Disney Roebuck.
Gaspar . . . . .	Lieut. J. Edye, R.N.
Landlord of the Golden Lion . . . . .	G. Martin, Esq., R.N.
Capt. Gervais and Desmoulins . . . . .	By officers of the Navy.
Pauline Deschappelles . . . . .	Miss Brown.
Madame Deschappelles . . . . .	Mrs. Garthwaite.
(Who have been expressly engaged for the occasion).	
Widow Melnotte . . . . .	Mrs. Harding.

BY KIND PERMISSION,  
THE FINE BAND OF THE 28TH REGIMENT WILL ATTEND,  
and perform the following beautiful selection of Music—conducted by  
Mr. W. Wallace:—

Grand Coronation March ( <i>Le Prophète</i> ) . . . . .	Meyerbeer.
Celebrated Overture ( <i>Norma</i> ) . . . . .	Bellini.
Duo—"Da qual l'incontrai"—( <i>Linda</i> ) . . . . .	Donizetti.
Aria—"In questi simplici"—( <i>Betty</i> ) . . . . .	Donizetti.
Waltzer—"Don Pasquale" . . . . .	W. Wallace.
Scene and Aria—"Tutto è sciolto"—( <i>Sonnambula</i> ) . . .	Bellini.
Grand Selection ( <i>Lucia di Lammermoor</i> ) . . . . .	Donizetti.
Polka—"Marien" . . . . .	Lubitsky.
Finale—"God Save the Queen."	

After which, the laughable Farce of The  
P L O T T I N G V A L E T S .  
Mr. Heartley . . . . . J. Marston, Esq.  
Capt. Seymour . . . . . Capt. Austen, R.N.  
Capt. Howard . . . . . G. Martin, Esq., R.N.  
Trap . . . . . } *The Plotting Valets* . . . } Capt. Austen, 81st Reg.  
Trick . . . . . } } Mr. Phillips.  
Clay (a bricklayer) . . . . . Lieut. J. Edye, R.N.  
Charlotte Doubtful . . . . . Miss Brown.

The piece opened with the discovery of Miss Brown (Pauline) and Mrs. Garthwaite (Madame Deschappelles). It was the first appearance of both these ladies on the Plymouth boards. Mr. Newcombe had engaged them at a short notice, and they arrived precisely on the day of the performance. Miss Brown is evidently well acquainted with the business of the stage, and she acted the pathetic parts with much feeling; but I should say she was more suited for the Vestris line of business than for tragedy. Mrs. Garthwaite is well known to every one in the profession, and deserves the reputation she has gained, of being one of the best *old women* on the stage. At the end of the performance, Mr. Newcombe at once engaged her for the regular season. Mr. Marston was the first of the amateurs who made his appearance. He at once created a favourable impression on the audience; his acting was gentlemanlike, and full of humour; indeed I never saw the character of Colonel Damas better played. The disagreeable part of Beauseant fell into the hands of Captain Austen, R.N., who played it with great judgment. Mr. Marston was the Landlord of the Golden Lion. He also played one of the officers. Neither of these parts were worthy his abilities; and had there been scope for his talent, he would have shown himself equal to many professional actors. His description to Beauseant of Claude Melnotte's being a "*genus*—a man who can do everything in life, except anything that's useful"—was admirable. There was an absence of *gaucherie*, an evidence of ease and self-possession about his acting, which rendered the little he had to do legiti-

mately prominent. Claude Melnotte found an able representative in Capt. Disney Roebuck. You may remember that I mentioned to you the favourable impression he made on me at Guernsey in Don Caesar de Bazan, and I have no reason to alter my opinion on the present occasion. Mons. Deschappelles, a species of "broken-hearted father," was ably sustained by Capt. Austen, of the 81st. He did as much for the character as any actor could do. Not less must be said of Lieut. Edye, in the unimportant part of Gaspar. His make-up was most artistic, and he looked the angry peasant to perfection.

As a whole, it was a really excellent performance. I must not, however, omit Mrs. Harding, who played the Widow Melnotte (another of the "broken-hearted parent" tribe), with her usual care and ability. Mr. Newcombe's liberality was perceptible in the most minute particulars. The garden scene, with its walks and flowers, was worthy of the Lyceum; and the getting up reflected credit on the management.

In the farce of *Plotting Valets*, Mr. Phillips undertook the part of "Trick" at a short notice, in consequence of the absence of Mr. Macnamara. He played with much humour, and, together with Mr. Martin and the Messrs. Austen, kept the house in roars of laughter till the fall of the curtain.

The Distins give concerts on Thursday and Friday next, of which I will send you particulars. They have had the good sense to take the Theatre, which, at the reasonable scale of prices advertised, will, doubtless, be crowded to excess.

T. E. B.

Plymouth, Nov. 18th.

MUSIC AT BELFAST.

(From a Correspondent.)

A MUSICAL treat, of unusual excellence, was given to the musical public on the 14th inst., by the exertion of our worthy "Kapellmeister Gränz," who engaged all the "stars" available for it, and we hope that his spirited enterprise did not leave him a loser, as some local intriguing was *busy enough* against him; and, I am sorry to say, our musical-loving public is but small, notwithstanding the large population—moreover, some of that small section prefer concerts which are followed by balls and suppers, where whiskey-punch plays a very prominent part.

Mr. Gränz performed a solo on the violin, also variations on the bassoon, both were masterly performances; and a grand fugue march for the orchestra proved him to be not only a first-rate executant, but also a first-rate musician, and one of those quiet, modest German musicians, which you may know for years, and find still something *new* to praise when occasion calls forth their modest, almost timidly-withheld merits. Reeves, our "English tenor," and proud we may be of him, sang "Adelaide," "The old arm chair," and a pretty new ballad, "Jeannie Gordon," by F. Praeger, &c., so as to gain torrents of applause, and richly merited the same.

Mr. Whitworth's "Non piu andrai," the "Brave old oak," &c., pleased immensely. He has a splendid voice, and has improved very much since we heard him at Drury Lane. Miss Lucombe has made herself a favourite with the Belfast public; she throws a spirit and energy into all she sings, and is evidently a good musician. Also Miss Lanza, and Messrs. Delavanti and Horncastle acquitted themselves meritoriously of the parts allotted to them. To Mr. Lavenu great praise is due for his conducting, which, besides his doing it as only a thorough musician can do, he is evidently one of the best-humoured and obliging conductors we ever saw. Altogether the concert of Mr. Gränz has been quite a *bonne bouche* for us.

X. P.

## MEMOIR OF MADAME MARA.

(Concluded from page 731.)

IN London, where Madame Mara had long been expected, she obtained the most enthusiastic reception. She made her first appearance at the Pantheon, and so great was the attraction, that the receipts of the house are stated to have amounted to a most enormous sum.\* The Prince of Wales himself, an accomplished amateur, immediately became her warm patron. Under these circumstances, it is easy to conceive that she became an object of envy, not only to the Italian, but also to the English singers. An event, however, took place, which at once established her fame, and placed her henceforth far above the reach of envy. His Majesty, George III., that munificent patron of the arts, conceived the idea of paying a marked tribute to the memory of his favourite composer, the immortal Handel. For this purpose, it was decided that a selection of music, exclusively from the works of this great man, should be performed in Westminster Abbey. Solicitous to exert her talents in doing honour to her immortal countryman, and, perhaps, wishing to do away with the unfavourable impression which had gone forth against her, Madame Mara tendered her gratuitous services. Her offers were accepted; and in presence of the court and the assembled nobility, she produced an impression which will never be forgotten.

At the head of about two-hundred and fifty singers, supported by an orchestra of more than two hundred and seventy persons, she exerted herself in a manner which called forth the enthusiasm of the greatest number of amateurs ever assembled in England. So peculiarly clear, and so decided, was the character of her voice, that it was distinguishable among the whole of this imposing orchestra. The manner in which she gave the sublime air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," was the acme of her triumph, and stamped her fame as the first singer in the world.

In the Italian opera she continued to extend her triumphs, and her renown spread to the remotest parts of the kingdom. She received an invitation to Oxford, but her reception in this seat of the muses does not afford the most favourable opinion of the boasted *liberty of old England*.

In the grand concert given here, she made choice of a piece equally calculated to display her powers in the adagio, and in passages of the most brilliant kind. Scarcely was this im-

posing air, which demanded so great an exertion on the part of the singer, finished, when from all sides a loud and continued encore resounded. She was so exhausted by the efforts she had made, that it was physically impossible for her to comply with the wishes of the audience. She advanced a few steps forward, and, in a graceful attitude, pleaded for indulgence; but she was not heard. The audience became tumultuous, and in the midst of the uproar she retired. Hoping that no further notice would be taken of this occurrence, she appeared at a second concert, but was received with hisses and loud disapprobation. In the meantime, the orchestra began the *ritornello*. She collected her energies, and sung with more than usual power. At the first burst of her voice, tumult was instantly hushed, and the most profound silence reigned. Her exertions, however, overcame her, and at the conclusion of the air she fell back into her seat exhausted. It might have been imagined, that hearts, however acrimonious, would have been touched by a scene like this; but such was not the case with the offended amateurs of Oxford. On the instant, a furious burst of hisses and yells ensued; and the singer was fairly hooted out of the assembly.

The striking display of English liberality did not terminate here. Dr. Chapman, the Chancellor of the University, raised his voice; he made her formally acquainted with the displeasure of the whole body of the gownsmen, and prohibited her from singing again at the University. Nay, more, in order to make this circumstance known beyond the walls of this seat of the muses, the following announcement appeared in the *Oxford Journal*:—"The unbecoming conduct of Madame Mara has given rise to just complaint; but, we doubt not, that as the Oxonians have taken upon them to become her tutors, she will henceforward know better how to comport herself."

After this, she took her leave of Dr. Chapman and his party in the following note:—"Through an attack of pleurisy, which I had at Berlin, I am forbidden by my physician to sing too long together, to walk quick, to remain long in a standing position, or to undertake any strong or continued exercise. The neglect of this is sure to be attended with severe pains in the chest, tightness of the lungs, &c. At the same time, I may be allowed to remark, that, not having been previously acquainted with the particular etiquette required relative to sitting or standing, I do not think I merit the injustice and party spirit which has displayed itself against me in so strange a manner. As to Dr. Chapman himself, he deserves nothing but my pity."

Besides this mortification, Madame Mara had, at this time, others of a more serious nature to encounter. Her domestic comforts suffered a severe blow by the unfortunate conduct of her husband, from whom it will be seen that she was finally obliged to separate.

After a stay of four years in London, where she continually strengthened herself in the public favour, she received an invitation to Turin, whither she repaired in 1788, for the season of the Carnival. It is the established custom at this theatre to open the new season with a fresh singer, who supplies the place of another singer, either a soprano or a tenor. The tenor whom she was to succeed, was desirous of retaining his situation, and felt piqued at being succeeded by a German. He, therefore, used every endeavour to detract from her reputation, and absolutely decried her as little less than a perfect monster. This being communicated to Madame Mara, immediately upon her arrival in Turin, she determined to devise a plan for mortifying the invidious Signor. She, therefore, made her appearance at the first rehearsal in a formal old-fashioned dress, and sung as much out of tune as possible.

\* The German biographer mentions a specific sum, which he makes amount to £20,000 English money! There evidently is some prodigious mistake here in the account given to the writer of the memoir; and probably the printer has had his share in so capital a blunder. Mara was far from successful on her first appearance. Dr. Burney, in his *History of Music*, vol. iv., p. 519, says, that she arrived "in the spring of 1784, being engaged to sing six nights at the Pantheon. The dissolution of Parliament and general election happening soon after her arrival, the audiences to which she sung were not very numerous, nor had the performance the effect it deserved, till she sung in Westminster Abbey." Of the effect she produced in this church, at the commemoration of Handel, the same historian thus writes:—

"The universal rapture visible in the countenances of this uncommonly numerous and splendid audience, during the whole time Madame Mara was performing, exceeded every silent expression of delight from music which I had ever before witnessed. Her power over the sensibility of the audience seems equal to that of Mrs. Siddons. There was no eye within my view which did not

'Silently a gentle tear let fall;'

nor, though long hackneyed in music, did I find myself made

'Of stronger earth than others.'

At the end of her performance of this air ('I know that my Redeemer liveth') the audience seemed bursting with applause, for which the place allowed of no decorous means of utterance."—*Burney's Account of the Musical Performance in Commemoration of Handel*.



The Italian was now sure of his triumph. He addressed himself to every one he knew, saying—"Did I not say so? In person she is ugly as sin; and her voice—never was heard so vile a jargon of sounds." But when, on the following evening, Madame Mara appeared handsomely, yet simply, attired, and enraptured every heart with the music of her song, nothing could exceed the mortification of her calumniator, and from that moment he was seen no more in Turin. The German songstress was crowned upon the stage, and the next day was honoured by an invitation to Court, where she was received by the King and Queen with the most distinguished testimonies of kindness, and at her departure was loaded with rich presents.

Her reception at Turin was altogether so flattering as to induce her to accept another engagement in Venice. There she had again to contend against the rivalry and jealousy of the Italian singers, and again came off victorious. The attentions she met with were of the most flattering kind; and on the night which terminated her engagement, a munificent and unexpected fête was got up for her. Immediately after the fall of the curtain, when called upon the stage to receive the congratulations of the public, she found a richly ornamented throne prepared for her. No sooner was she placed thereon, than the clouds above opened, and showers of roses, intermingled with sonnets in her praise, descended around her; while, at the same moment, the curtain rising from behind, showed figures of Apollo and the Muses, who were pointing to her with looks of admiration. After this, she was waited upon by a deputation of ladies and gentlemen, who came to offer her their congratulations; nor would they permit her to depart till she had given her promise to return, and renew her engagement the following season.

After this she received invitations to Rome and Naples, but the recollection of the admonition given her by Marie Antoinette continued to weigh upon her mind, and being determined to penetrate no farther into Italy, she returned to London, 1790. Here, however, she was doomed to encounter many disagreeable circumstances. The extravagances and indiscretions of her husband, whom she had left behind, had long been a topic of conversation, and she was accused of being a participator in them: nothing, however, could be further from the truth. She soon rose superior to the attacks of envy and malevolence; at the first magic tones of her voice, the spell raised against her was at once dissolved, and she was received with acclamation.

After some time spent in this capital, she visited Paris, in 1792, intending to return to Germany, but the war which desolated that country obliged her to abandon her project. While in Paris, she was witness to some of the horrors of the revolution.

At Cassel, she was treated with the highest respect by the principal inhabitants of the town. She was also honoured by the most flattering attentions from the Elector and his family, and did not quit the place without receiving some more solid testimonies of their esteem.

If we are correctly informed, Madame Mara afterwards resided with a Russian family of distinction, who, nobly pitying her misfortunes, employed every delicate attention to smooth the passage of her declining years.

Madame Mara's character as an artist has been thus ably drawn. The Italians say, "that of the hundred requisites to make a singer, he who has a fine voice has the ninety-and-nine." This held good with respect to Madame Mara. Her voice was in compass from G to E in altissimo, and all its notes were alike even and strong; but we may also be allowed

to add the hundredth requisite: that, too, she possessed in a supereminent degree, and it consisted in the most sublime conception. Though her first impressions led her to prefer songs of rapid execution, yet she soon learned to prefer those in which taste prevails, and are touching. She was often heard to declare, that the true foundation of all good singing must lie in pure enunciation, and in the most accurate intonation of the scale. Dr. Arnold used to relate, that he had, by way of experiment, seen Mara dance and assume the most violent gesticulations while singing up and down the scale; such was her power of chest, that the tone was as free and undisturbed, as if she had stood in the customary quiet position of the orchestra.

The elocution of Mara must be considered rather as universal than as national; for although she passed some time in England when a child, and retained a little knowledge of the language, her pronunciation was continually marred by a foreign accent, and by those mutilations of our words which are inseparable from the constant use of foreign tongues, during a long residence abroad. Yet, notwithstanding this drawback, the impression she made, even upon uneducated persons, always extremely alive to the ridiculous effects of pronunciation, and upon the unskilled in music, was irresistible. The fire, dignity, and tenderness of her vocal appeal could never be misunderstood; it spoke the language of all nations, for it spoke the feelings of human nature. Indeed, Mara was truly the child of sensibility; every thing she did was directed to the heart. Her tone, in itself pure, sweet, rich, and powerful, took all its various colourings from the passion of the words she sung. Hence, she was no less true to nature and feeling in "The Soldier tired," and in the more delicate "Hope told a flattering tale," than in Handel's sublime air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Her tone was, perhaps, neither so sweet as Billington's, nor so powerful as Catalani's, but it was the touching language of the soul. It was on the command of the feelings of her audience that Mara rested her claim to renown. She left surprise to others, and was wisely content with an apparently, but not really, humbler style; and she thus chose the part of genuine greatness.

Madame Mara's acquaintance with the science of music was considerable, and her facility in reading notes astonishing. Perhaps she was indebted to her violin for a faculty at no time very common. It has been observed, that all players on stringed instruments enjoy the power of reading and writing music beyond most others; they derive it from the apprehension of the coming note, or distance of interval, which must necessarily reside in the mind, and direct the fingers to its formation. The two branches of art are thus acquired by the violinist in conjunction. Her execution, too, was very great, and though it differed materially from the agility of the present fashion, it must be considered as more true, neat, and legitimate, as it was less quaint and extravagant, and deviated less from the main purpose of vocal art—expression. Mrs. Billington, with a modesty becoming her great acquirements, voluntarily declared that she considered Madame Mara's execution to be superior to her own in genuine effect, though not in rapidity. Mara's divisions always seemed to convey a meaning; they were vocal, not instrumental; they had light, shade, and variety of tone; they relaxed from, or increased upon, the time, according to the sentiment of which they always appeared to partake: these attributes were remarkable in her open, true, and liquid shake, which was more than commonly perfect. Neither in her ornaments, learned and graceful as they were, nor in her cadences, did she ever lose sight of the distinguishing and prominent feature of the

melody. She was, by turns, majestic, tender, pathetic, and elegant; but in the one or the other, not a note was breathed in vain. She justly held every species of ornamental execution to be subordinate to the grand end of operating with undivided force, and with certainty, upon the feeling of her hearers. True to this principle, if any one commended the agility of a singer, Mara would ask, "Can she sing eight plain notes?"

We hesitate not to place Madame Mara at the very summit of her profession, because, in majesty and simplicity, in grace, tenderness, and pathos, in the loftiest attributes of art, she far transcended all her competitors. She gave to Handel's compositions their natural grandeur and effect, which is, in our minds, the very highest degree of praise that can be bestowed. Handel is heavy, say the musical fashion-mongers of the day. Milton would be heavy beyond endurance, if delivered by a reader unpossessed of taste and feeling.

### DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

#### PRINCESS'S.

LAST night made the twenty-second night of *King Charles II.*, and the opera is yet announced in the bills for every night till further notice. This looks like another *Bohemian Girl* success, and we should not be astonished if Mr. Macfarren's new work should live to see its hundredth night before the close of the season. The music has now fixed itself with the public, and we venture to say, there are few drawing-rooms in the kingdom which contain not, already on their piano desks, one or more pieces of *King Charles II.*

On Saturday an English version of *Les Deux Brigadiers*—a vaudeville produced at the St. James's—was brought out at the Princess's.

The French original is laid in the time of Cardinal Dubois. A parcel of letters compromising the Cardinal has fallen into the hands of a *grisette*, and his valet de chambre and secretary determine to marry the girl to a nephew of the former—a brigadier in the dragoons,—that he may obtain the dangerous epistles. By a strange accident, a brigadier in the Queen's dragoons, who wanders into the chateau to escape his creditors, is taken by the secretary for the valet's nephew, and is married to the *grisette*. The arrival of the real "Simon Pure" reveals this mistake, but the wedded pair have made their escape, and when they are overtaken at an inn, the Queen's brigadier contrives to play off one of his persecutors against the other, working on the anxiety of each to obtain the greatest share of his master's favour. Some amusing situations are thus produced, and the whole terminates with the discovery of the fatal packet, upon which the *grisette* and her husband are left in peace.

Mr. Wigan, whose acting as the French father in the *First Night* is inimitable in its way, and who generally shines in strong delineations of national character, has not here a part that especially suits his powers; but, however, he keeps up the bustle of the piece, and the ingenious incidents produce much amusement.

### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

#### FRENCH FLOWERS AND MACFARREN.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR EDITOR,—Pray spare your readers the infliction of Mr. French Flowers' loquacious egotism. Mr. Flowers is pleased to approve of the new opera by Mr. Macfarren; be it so, let him keep it to himself, it is of no consequence to you or your readers. If his letter be tested by the soundness of its criticism it at once

falls to the ground, since Mr. Flowers excepts the overture, the best piece of music in the opera after the sextet and chorus in Act II., from his approval. This shows him completely ignorant of the matter, and robs you of your only excuse for publishing his letter. The very idea of Mr. Flowers approving or disapproving the efforts of a musician like Mr. Macfarren is too absurd.

During the tedious contrapuntal controversy which occupied your columns, and those of your deceased contemporary, the *Musical Examiner*, for nearly five years, I was often tempted to wield the pen and flagellate Mr. Flowers; but the man's self-composure so much amused me that I refrained, and at length, having given up reading the letters, I abandoned the idea. Was ever so vacant a pericranium stuffed with such a fume of complacency? As you, Mr. Editor, brought to light Mr. Flowers, of whom, previously, the world had lived in delightful ignorance, so it remains for you to bury him alive, by silencing his prattling. This you must positively do, as compensation for your sins. You have allowed your readers to be obfuscated for sixty months (720 numbers!), by the inexpressible twaddle of this obstinate litigant; pray, for a time at least, give them a chance of recovering their reason, which has been choked in a fog of ignorance. I promise you, if he appears again in your columns, discussing or discomfiting no matter what thesis, I will arise from my obscurity and so flagellate him with the whip of common sense that he shall never again wield a pen.—I remain, dear Editor, your constant reader,

CRAB.

Paddington Green, Nov. 22.

[Mr. Flowers is beyond the reach of such a scurvy controversialist as this Crab. He is a conceited blockhead, neither knowing nor respecting the laws of counterpoint. This is evident, or he would not attack its self-elected representative. Mr. Flowers, if we be not mistaken, will, in his answer, prove a lobster, and swallow up Crab. Serve him right. He has but a sorry chance who fires a pop-gun at the King of Canons. And of this Crab will be made aware, or we have not known Flowers any day this five year. Can Crab write a fugue? Let him answer. If yes, good; if nay, let him look to it, or Flowers will belabour him with a short answer in the *stretto*.—Ed.]

#### BEETHOVEN'S SONATAS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Having met with the enclosed passage in one of Beethoven's sonatas, in A 6, Op. 110, Czerny's edition, and not understanding the meaning of the change of fingering under two similar notes bound together, or whether the notes are to be separately struck although bound, I should feel greatly obliged if, through the medium of your excellent paper, to which I have for some time been a subscriber, you will kindly explain it to me.

Yours &c.,

AN AMATEUR.



### MISCELLANEOUS.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The performances of Handel's sublime work, the *Messiah*, usually given by this society during the month preceding Christmas, commence on Friday next, the 30th inst. The principal singers are the Misses Birch and Dolby, and Messrs. Lockey and Phillips. The oratorios will, of course, be conducted by Mr. Costa.

MR. MACREADY.—This celebrated actor having tendered his gratuitous services for the benefit of the Queen's Hospital in this town, appeared this evening at our theatre in the character of Lord Townley, in the *Provoked Husband*. He was ably supported by Mrs. J. F. Saville, as Lady Townley. The house was a bumper. Mr. Macready experienced a most enthusiastic reception, and the charity on behalf of which he appeared will be largely benefited by his services.—*Birmingham, Nov. 17.*



**MENDELSSOHN.**—M. Jullien has announced a "Mendelssohn Night" for Tuesday next. The whole of the symphony in A minor, No. 3, will be given, and all the first part of the concert will be devoted to the compositions of that immortal musician. Two songs, by Jetty Treffz, will not be the least attractive part of the programme. The amateurs of Mendelssohn will flock in crowds to the theatre, like the amateurs of Beethoven last Tuesday.

**EXHIBITION OF THE PRODUCE OF FRENCH INDUSTRY.**—We were favoured on Saturday with a private view of the splendid establishment opened under the direction of M. Sallandrouze de Lamornaix, in George Street, Hanover Square. We cannot begin better our account of the exhibition, than by quoting a few words from the programme distributed on that occasion:—"This is the first attempt of the manufacturers of France to establish a real *Peace Congress*, for it is only during peace that industry can flourish, and commerce fulfill its great mission, of conveying the blessings of civilisation to the ends of the world." It is only during peace that man's inventive genius can expand for the good of his fellow-man; it is only in peaceful times that science and art lend their aid to the industry of the manufacturer. Let us hope, then, that from this humble attempt, good may result, and that the only rivalry between England and France will henceforth be in the productive arts, in which the conqueror must instruct and benefit the vanquished. In commodious premises and spacious galleries, extending from George Street, Hanover Square, into Bond Street, M. Sallandrouze has collected the objects most distinguished by their excellence at the late National Exposition of Paris. The predominant feature of the exhibition is the abundance of objects of art, deriving their importance from their forms and the blending of their colours. The specimens are of surpassing beauty and elegance. Bronzes, wood carvings, carpets of Aubusson and the Gobelins, musical instruments, vases of bronze and porcelain combined, silks, satins, velvets, cachemire shawls, and admirable jewels, are scattered through the rooms in kingly profusion and arranged with artistic taste. On Monday morning H.R.H. Prince Albert visited this exhibition of chefs d'œuvre; H. R. H. appeared to notice particularly the beautiful productions of the manufactures of M. Sallandrouze, and expressed a hope that the enterprising director would be rewarded by sterling success in his liberal undertaking. H.R.H. then examined the musical instruments. M. Jacques Herz was in attendance, and executed an impromptu on the piano-forte of Kriegelstein. It is always a great pleasure to us to give an account of the marks of high consideration shown by the great ones of the earth to artists of merit; after the execution of the impromptu, H. R. H. drew near the celebrated professor and expressed his satisfaction, and said he was delighted to see him in London; that he had attentively studied his compositions, and that he hoped often to have the pleasure of hearing him. There is every reason to believe that the establishment in George Street will become one of the principal attractions of the forthcoming season.

**DUBLIN THEATRICALS.**—Mr. Maiston's tragedy of *Strathmore* has been played with great success at the Theatre Royal, the two principal characters being sustained with immense effect by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean.

**CORRADI SETTI**, the barytone, who, it will be recollected, made his first appearance in this country, as one of the troupe of the Royal Italian Opera in its first season, is engaged at New Orleans in the Italian Operatic Company of Mr. Davis, and has recently appeared at New York with success.

**MADLLE. CARLOTTA GRISI** has obtained great success at the Académie Royale in a new ballet, entitled the *Grand Daughter of the Fairies*, said to be a charming piece.—*New York Herald*.

**MR. HENRY PHILLIPS** delivered a lecture on the music of various nations at the London Mechanics' Institution on Wednesday evening.

**HENRI HERZ.**—By the latest accounts this celebrated pianist has been feted in an extraordinary manner at Mexico, Omeretaro, and Guanajuato. He gave two grand concerts at Omeretaro, which were attended by immense concourses, and in both of which he obtained the most unprecedented success. The President of Mexico and the Ministers gave especial orders that M. Herz should be treated with the regard due to his great talents. The young violinist, Franz Coenen, accompanied the pianist in his peregrinations.

**MADAME BISHOP AND M. BOCHSA** have been reaping a large harvest in the Mexican States by giving concerts. The fair vocalist has created a great sensation. They have gone into the interior of the country in a private carriage, a local paper states.

**M. MARETZIK'S TROUPE.**—The principals are Madlle. Borghese, a soprano; Sig. Forti, a tenor; and Sig. Beneventano, a barytone.

**THE ROW POLKA.**—A slight *émouche* occurred on the opening night of M. Jullien's Concerts, in consequence of the overcrowding of the many, and the excessive loyalty of a few, of which circumstance the facetious *chef d'orchestra* has availed himself in a humorous manner. Our readers have doubtless noticed the Drury Lane *affiches*, with the mysterious phrase, the *Row Polka*, inscribed on them. Such, in fact, is the new and promised polka which M. Jullien has happily introduced as an antidote to any disposition to "rowing" within the precincts of the *salle de concert*. Taking the Ethiopian melody, "Sing, darkies, sing," as his theme, he has worked it up into a pretty polka, with an obligato "rowing" accompaniment performed by the members of the orchestra. This musical "squib" is rightly encored, amidst the laughter of the audience, who appear to enter heartily into the fun of the affair. *Vive la bagatelle!*—*Era*.

**SALVI, Marioli, and Steffanoni** are playing with great success at Havana.

**THE NEW CHRISTMAS BURLESQUE** at the Haymarket and Adelphi theatres, will be written by the Brothers Brough, who are now busily engaged on them.

**JETTY DE TREFFZ** will accompany Jullien on his next provincial tour. From the success the fair German vocalist met with at Liverpool, Norwich, &c., she will doubtless prove a "great card" for the popular *maestro*.—*New York Herald*.

**HENRI PANOFKA.**—This able musician has returned to town, after a short stay on the Continent, to resume his professional engagements, and to superintend the production of his new work, *The Practical Singing Tutor*, from which much is expected in the shape of succinct and comprehensive information, combined with ready utility. M. Panofka is an experienced man, and just the one to lop away superfluous eloquence, leaving the facts to tell their own story in candid nakedness. In teaching, as in writing, he will carry out this welcome principle. The Earl of Westmorland has accepted the dedication of this treatise, which will shortly be laid before the world. We understand also that M. Panofka has completed some new vocal compositions during his absence, which, to judge from the "Veneziano," so prettily sung at Dreyshock's concert, in the summer, by the popular Jetty Treffz, are likely to be acceptable to concert vocalists.

**MR. RICHARDSON'S CONCERT.**—This celebrated pianist gave his second vocal and orchestral concert at the Albion Hall, Hammer-smith, on Monday evening. The band was strong and efficient, and was led by Mr. Watson. The overtures to *Der Freischütz* and *Fra Diavolo* afforded them an opportunity to exhibit their capabilities. The vocalists were Mrs. A. Newton, Miss Bassano, Miss Messent, Mr. Frank Bodda, and Mr. Allen. The instrumentalists reckoned Kate Loder, Mr. Lazarus, Mr. W. Watson, and Mr. Richardson. Mr. Richardson played an original air and variations with great effect, and was loudly encored. He also joined Kate Loder in a piano-forte and flute duet of Benedict's and Buchan, which was most splendidly executed by both performers. The popular flautist was heard to no less advantage in other *morceaux*, in which he took share. Mr. Lazarus played a solo on the clarinet, in which his true, pure tone and perfect mechanism were as conspicuous as ever. Mr. Watson signalled himself on the violin in a theme with variations; and Kate Loder attacked Thalberg's *Sonnetta* fantasia with her wonted brilliancy of execution and vigour of style. In the vocal section of the concert we must specialise Mr. Allen's ballad, "Here's to the maid with the love-laughing eye," from Macfarren's new opera, *Charles II.*, which was rapturously encored; and the serenade from *Don Pasquale*, sung by the same vocalist, also encored; and Mr. Frank Bodda's Tarentella, Rossini's celebrated one, *La Danza*, likewise honoured with a repeat. Mr. Richardson's concerts are admirably conducted, and as they combine music to please all palates, are well entitled to support. The Hammersmith folks are certainly no churls of their presence, as the crowded state of the rooms exhibited on Monday night.



Mr. DAVID LEE, the brother of Alexander Lee, the author of many popular ballads and some operettas, died within the current month. Mr. Lee was a professor of music, an excellent pianist, and was a pupil of the celebrated Dussek. He died universally lamented. Miss CUSHMAN has been playing with triumphant success at Philadelphia.

Mr. ELLIS ROBERTS, the Welsh harper, delivered a lecture on the music of Wales, at the Western Literary Institution, on Thursday evening. The vocal illustrations were rendered by Miss Vaughan. A second lecture on the same subject will be given by Mr. Ellis Roberts on the 29th.

MUSIC AT GLOUCESTER.—The principal instrumentalists of the *Musical Union* have lately afforded the amateurs of Worcester and Gloucester a rare treat of classical music, the success of which we are glad to hear has encouraged the *entrepreneurs* to promise another performance in a few weeks hence. The programme of the Gloucester concert was arranged by Mr. Needham with much judgment, and the analysis of each composition from Ella's *Musical Record*, greatly assisted the provincial amateurs in appreciating the merits of the music.

Mr. J. W. Needham's Quartet Concert, at the Shire Hall, on Tuesday evening, was attended by a large and fashionable audience, amongst whom were some of the principal families of the neighbourhood. The quartet performers were Mr. Sainton, Mr. Louis D'Egville, Mr. Hill, and Signor Piatti. The pieces were selected from Haydn, Beethoven, Spohr, and Mendelssohn. The execution highly delighted the audience. M. Sainton is an artist of the first excellence, and in the solo on the violin, from *La Figlia del Reggimento*, displayed the most delicate and brilliant mechanism. Signor Piatti, on the violoncello, was equally successful; and their united skill was advantageously exercised in a duet. The quartets were also played with perfect correctness, taste, and finish. Herr and Madame Brandt sang some songs in a graceful style. Our fellow citizen, Mr. Washbourne Morgan, presided at the pianoforte, and played some of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words," in a manner that developed all their beauties. Mr. Morgan was warmly applauded as he deserved to be. The concert was, in short, a delightful treat, and the public are much indebted to Mr. Needham. We are glad to see a young musical man commencing his career with so high an appreciation of his vocation as this spirited effort evinces, and we trust that it may be an augury of future success.

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(To be continued.)

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### MENDELSSOHN FESTIVAL.

In compliance with the wish of many of his Patrons, that an evening shall be set apart for the performance of the works of the celebrated Dr. MENDELSSOHN, M. JULLIEN has the honour to announce that he has arranged to do so on TUESDAY NEXT, Nov. 27th.

Dress Circle, 2s. 6d.; Boxes and Promenade, 1s.

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